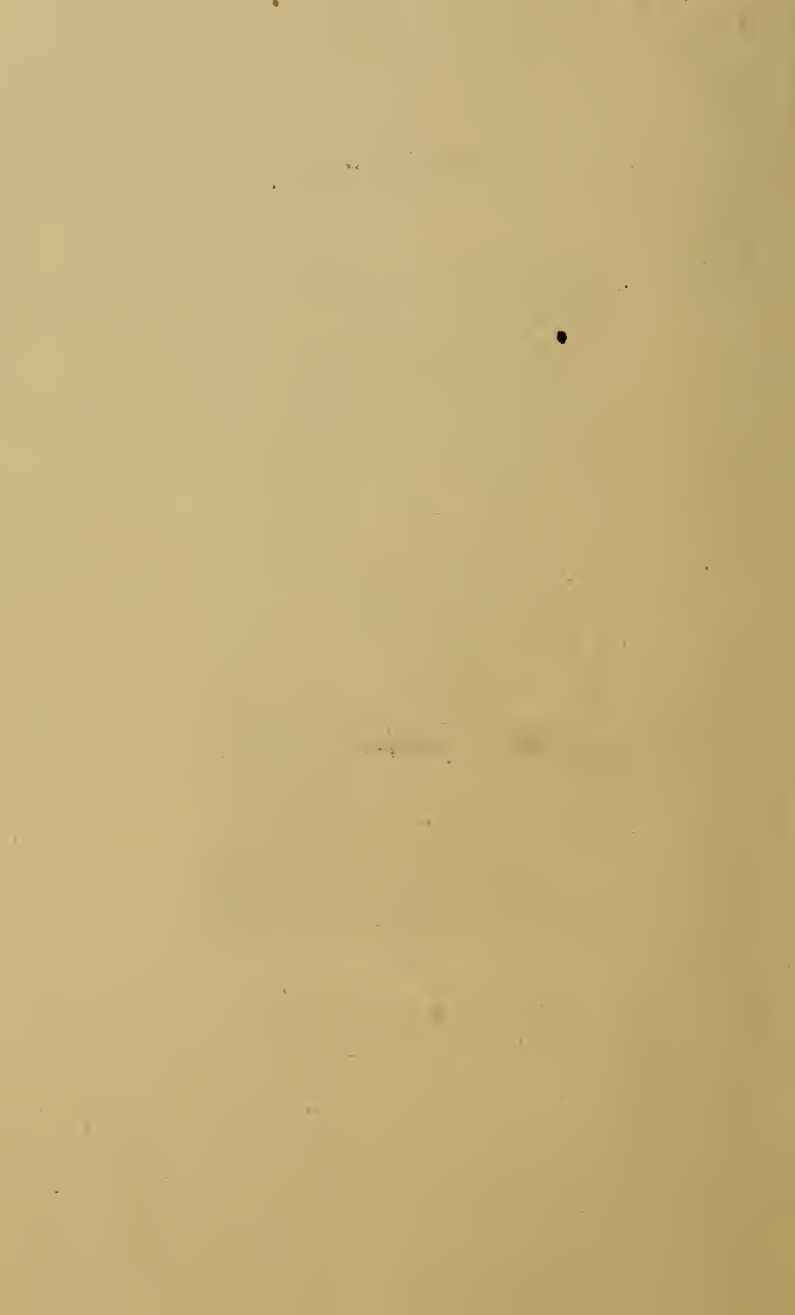


15,067
5653

IN MEMORIAM.



MRS. A. C. WORTH.



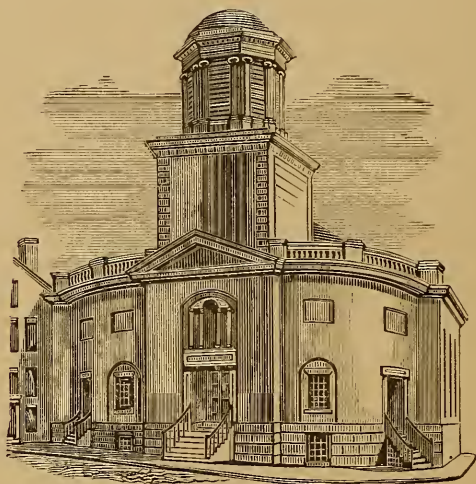
IN MEMORIAM.

CAROLINE S. THWING was born at West Brookfield, Mass., August 24, 1821, and died at Chelsea, June 9, 1888. She was the second daughter of Thomas and Grace Welch Thwing. The year before her birth, her father, twenty-eight years of age, had, with his wife, been accepted by the American Board as missionary laborers. The severe illness of Mrs. Thwing prevented their going to the Cherokee Indians. Both daughters, Harriet Newell and Caroline Smelt, received the names of missionaries. When about twenty-two years of age the younger secured a change of her baptismal name, taking one no less odorous with the grace of the gospel, Caroline Elizabeth Barnes.

Her girlhood was spent in the beautiful, historic town of her birth and in the adjoining village of Ware, until she was sixteen. The sisters and their only brother Edward Payson attended West Brookfield Academy, and enjoyed the wise tutelage of its accomplished Principal, the late Caroline Parsons Field, afterwards Mrs. Bliss. The family removed to Boston in 1837, when Thomas Thwing began his long and memorable career of thirty years as city missionary. Caroline became a member of the Bowdoin Square School, a private institution for young ladies. She took a good position as a student, a fact proved by the reports which, for nearly half a century, have been carefully kept by her, gratifying memorials of the beginnings of a steadfast, true-hearted, though unpretentious life. There is also preserved, written in a delicate hand, an essay of hers on the Evils of Theatre-going, which shows careful thought and reading. Theodore de Banville, and many since, have

divined character from handwriting. It requires no special sagacity to detect evidences of a careful, circumspect, painstaking, scrupulous nature united with modesty and refinement, as one reads the pages of this delicately written essay.

Caroline was always a sedate, conscientious, prayerful child, and passed through no such revulsions of feeling in becoming a Christian as mark some conversions. She publicly confessed Christ June 28, 1838, and with thirty-two others was received into Salem Church.



SALEM CHURCH, BOSTON.

Dear old Salem Church ! “ Will there ever be another such place this side of Heaven ? ” asked W. W. Dorrety, M.D., at the re-union 1874. Those were bright and prosperous years when Rev. Joseph H. Towne was pastor. There was not a communion season for seven years when members were not received. Dr. Towne in a letter to the writer recalls one Sabbath afternoon when he asked the

co-operation of members in revival work, and the church arose in a body. While standing he asked the unconverted to show their desire for salvation. "Nearly the entire congregation were at once on their feet! There was weeping all over the house. Prayer ascended and the Holy Spirit came as at Pentecost." He details the experience of Captain F., converted at that time from a bitter hatred, to an ardent love of Christ. He had been jealous that his young, idolized wife should love Jesus better than her husband. He even threatened her life if she dared to join the church. But on that June Sabbath when Caroline came forward, she stood by her, with a score of ladies. In three weeks he was converted.

Like her parents before her, Caroline, with her sister and brother, took her place in the church choir. Salem Church had a chorus choir, thirty to sixty volunteers, and at one time *all* were members of the church. They had their rules, written and respected. The members must be "grave and serious" in demeanor, punctual at rehearsals; in singing make "as little motion as possible," and in practice always take the leader's *tempo* rather than beat time by book or foot. Mr. David C. Long, eleven years leader and organist, was also one of that band of thirty-three received June 28, 1838. The singers were patiently drilled and their services were appreciated. They sung at the Odeon for the Massachusetts Temperance Union. The official recognition of the ability of the choir was most flattering. The secretary had heard the music of perhaps a thousand meetings but never saw a performance "more honorable to the performers or gratifying to the auditory." Their rehearsals were opened with prayer. They worked as a choir in missionary lines, paying during two years \$300 to a Western colporteur.

It was an education to live, year after year, in the earnest atmosphere of Salem Church. Those sunrise prayer meetings in mid-winter as well as mid-summer—gave a tone and a tonic to its life. A former pastor, Dr. G. W.

Field, writes, "Will there ever be such prayer meetings again? The circumstances were such as to develop the active and demonstrative style of piety." Here was formed one of the first total abstinence societies in the land. Here a coal black negro preached the first Sunday sermon ever given to a northern congregation of whites. Here was held one of the first anti-slavery conventions, an indemnity bond of \$20,000 being given to the trustees to secure the society against the destruction of the meeting-house by a mob. Bible classes for young men under such leadership as that of Dr. Ephraim Buck, and for young women under Deacon James C. White, trained up stalwart christians. The latter had three score in his charge year by year, Misses Thwing, among them. He says, "We studied Romans with more than the earnestness of theological students. Every week we held a special prayer-meeting, and some member was made a subject of prayer by request, the result being almost always the conversion of the one prayed for. Eighteen at one communion [already referred to] nearly of an age, professed their faith in Jesus the Christ. Never did I hear of a backslider from all the converts from that class." One of them, Miss Mary A. Merrill, now the widow of Mr. A. H. Orcut, was present at the funeral of Mrs. Worth and recalled with tenderest emotion the solemn yet delightful scenes of that Sabbath half a century ago.

Revivals were then *praying*, not as now, "Singing revivals, when souls are sent prancing into the kingdom," as Prof. Barbour well puts it. Conviction of sin was deep and pungent. The trifling ditties that now fill up so much of the hour of "prayer" were not in vogue. They were old fashioned enough to think—with Dr. C. L. Goodell of our day—that "the best thing about a prayer meeting is PRAYER."

Mr. Matthew P. Elliott in 1849 made Caroline Thwing a life member of the American Tract Society. She served as a Tract Distributer at the North End. Mr. B. F.

Whittemore in 1853 made her an honorary member of the American Board. No gathering was looked forward to with such eager interest or attended with more pleasure than the annual meetings. To the last her love for the Sunday School continued unabated. The Sunday School notes, prayer meeting topics and envelopes for church contributions were found after her death in close proximity to her well read Bible.

Her father's house for thirty years had been an open hostelry for students, ministers and missionaries. She served them all with unwearied self denial.* While bearing her part in church work, acting awhile as secretary of the Mission Circle of Salem Church, and in other relations meeting the responsibilities of a missionary's daughter, her chosen field was home. So long as her parents lived she found it her joy to minister to them. More than once did she decline opportunities to marry. Her sister became Mrs. Plummer in 1845. Twenty years later their mother died, and in 1867, their father. Then the younger sister was released from her dutiful and beautiful service of filial love and accepted the hand of an estimable man, Mr. Albert C. Worth, who was born in Nantucket in 1837. He died suddenly September 5, 1875, being at that time in the employ of the Middlesex Company, Boston. From the day of their marriage, May 5, 1868, during the seven years of happy wedlock to the end, they were one in thought and affection, and one in labor for Christ. Their piety was unassuming and their work unobtrusive. They proved the truth of the couplet,

“We rise in glory as we sink our pride,
When boasting ends, there dignity begins.”

They took up their abode in Chelsea, and for a while Mr. Worth was secretary of the Y.M.C.A. At his death one

* REV. W. F. ARMS, missionary to Bulgaria, and now a pastor in Connecticut, refers to his student visits to Salem Court, Boston, as “very pleasant memories; bright spots in my past experience. Especially I remember the ministrations of the dear good sisters.” Pages of such reminiscences might be printed.

of his business friends said, "His life made me want to be a Christian."

The two widows occupied the home cottage, No. 3 Lynn Street, a humble yet happy home which they could call their own. Mrs. Plummer died there February 14, 1885, and two years later the little cottage was sold by Mrs. Worth at a sacrifice, realizing a sum, however, sufficient to provide for her remaining days. She had no other property.

Inherited missionary instincts, as well as the impulses of Christian love kept her at work for others. Her private memoranda of work, not intended for inspection, record from 1880 onward a large amount of wholly gratuitous service among the needy. From 320 to 610 visits a year were made from house to house, and this in addition to the care of her invalid sister and other domestic duties. In 1884 she notes 121 garments given to the poor. The last lines she is known to have penned, tell of four families that day visited whose needs she seemed to make her own. Incidentally she refers to heart failure and difficulty in ascending stairs. But the spirit within was heroic and strong. In her pocket book was a bit of verse in which the author confessed to failing breath and tottering knees, but joyfully looked forward in the near future to glad release from disabilities of the flesh and continued service with celestial powers. This was her inspiring hope :

My voice is not musical now, I know,
My hand is weak as I hold this pen ;
But it soon will be strong to hold a harp,
And I'll sing like an angel then.

My step grows weaker day by day,
To me it's a glad, good sign,
That I soon shall walk the golden street
By the palace that is to be mine.

—From a hymn by Mrs. V. A. LEWIS.

Early in July, 1886, Mrs. Worth was prostrated by the heat one afternoon, as she was returning from the Female prayer meeting. Confused and fainting she was led by a child to the home of Mr. W. Knox Smith, where she was kindly cared for. Mrs. Thwing soon after took her to

Brooklyn where she remained until she seemed apparently recovered, at least from the immediate effects of what appears to have been both spinal and cerebral congestion. On his return from Europe, her brother accompanied her to Chelsea. Since this attack she has not ventured far from home, but has been busy in her sphere of volunteer mission labors.

The correspondence between brother and sister was constant, three or four communications passing each week. The allusions to the inroads of death on their circle of mutual friends elicited from either continual references like these: "Many are leaving us;" "The good are gathering to the upper ranks; the day is wearing and ere long the sunset will give the signal for the tired reaper to leave the harvest field and go home to sup with the Master." . . "John (Plummer) came to me in dreamland last night. He looked young and beautiful and took my hand with cordial yet courtly friendship as one who had long been in the palace" . . "Soon, other eyes than ours will read the lines now written." . . "The future we leave to God, not knowing what a day may bring forth." This last sentence closed the last letter she ever read. The next from him was received after her eyes had ceased to read.

She was ardently attached to her only brother and interested herself in details of his professional work. In his success she took a sisterly pride, and was asking to know if he had won an offered prize* just before her own sudden promotion took place. Yet she did not comply with his invitation to make his home her own. Her attachment to the home of her husband and sister and early friends was too intense.

The last week she lived was full of cheerful activities. She attended a missionary meeting of ladies in Boston; went to see "Christ entering into Jerusalem;" called on

* For a paper on "Mental Automatism," awarded June 5, 1888, at the International Congress of Anthropology, New York City.

numerous families in Chelsea ; attended three services at church on Sunday, June 3, eating her meals with relish and at the close of the evening service proposed to a friend to visit Mt. Auburn the following week. She did not know that the vehicle to carry her would be chosen by another, that the posture would be unusual, and that her feet, when once within, would not return from that lovely enclosure.

Another scrap found in her pocket-book belongs here. It is entitled "When I am dead," by F. P. Daly, and expresses her wish:

When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather. and, 'mid lamentation loud,
Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret
Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, so soon forget.
But I would have the few, the kindly heart,
Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
And oft by thoughtful deed their love express—
These would I have, no more, no less—

When I am dead !

I would not have the high and storied stone
Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone ;
But I would have some living thing I once did love,
Ere I did leave the joyous world above,
Placed o'er me, and in each succeeding year
I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near,
With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid below,
And talk of times departed long ago.

Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,
Of hearts bound up I found so sad and broken ;
Think gently, when this last long rest is mine,
And gaze upon my form with looks benign—

When I am dead !

Mrs. Worth did not appear at breakfast Monday. Going to her room Mrs. P., with whom she boarded, found her paralyzed on the right side and speechless. A gesture showed that she was then conscious. Medical aid was summoned. Dr. Chipman was soon by her side. Dr. Thwing was summoned by telegraph and arrived Tuesday. Nothing, however, of medical skill could arrest the fatal course of the apoplectic stroke. Coma was complete. For five days the silent battle with death went on. Both

physicians saw that there could be but one issue and the autopsy confirmed their prognosis.* Yet the vital forces of a strong constitution yielded slowly. The unconscious, automatic movements of one arm showed this. Saturday morning the last struggle came. Ronchal sounds and "*bruit humorique*" in the præcordial region threatened an apparently painful dissolution. Dr. Thwing secured euthanasia by a mild anæsthetic, so that the breathing during the last hour became gentle, and the end, 11.20 A.M., was as peaceful as an infant's slumber.

She was at rest, going almost immediately from the lower to the upper sanctuary, from the songs of earth to the songs of heaven. Her age was the same as her sister's, 66 years 9 months. They both died on a Saturday and both were buried on a Monday.

SERVICES AT THE HOUSE.

A few neighbors gathered Monday, June 11, 2 P.M., at No. 6 Lynn Street, the last abode of the deceased. The casket stood in the sunny parlor in which she had passed many quiet hours of her widowhood, books and music on either side, and the noble orange tree green and fresh over her head, whose fruit and blossoms had served at banquet, bridal and burial for three and forty years.

A small sheaf of grain, emblematic of her fruitful life, the gift of the Missionary Sewing Circle, and a fragrant bouquet from her dear friend, Mr. James P. Rice, rested on the casket, also a fine photograph of Mrs. Worth, reproduced in this memorial. The plate read :

MRS. A. C. WORTH,

66 YEARS.

ENTERED LIFE,

JUNE 9, 1888.

* Performed June 10, at noon, by Dr. Welles, aided by Dr. Chipman and Dr. Thwing. Drs. Haskell and Ball also present. Excessive sanguineous congestion and extravasation; clot in the left lobe with red softening; white flocculent exudations, calcic and fibrous degeneration of vertebral vessels; thrombi in the basilar vein and other vascular obstructions.

Her brother, Rev. Dr. EDWARD P. THWING of Brooklyn, read from Revelation xxi, xxii, of the Heavenly City and prayed :

O THOU who are our dwelling place in all generations, in whom the souls of all thy saints live forever when free from the burden of the flesh, we give thee thanks for the life, and not less for the death, of this dear departed sister. We thank thee for her godly ancestry, her faithful parents, her devoted husband and her loving sister, to whose united fellowship thou hast now admitted her, in the presence of the King! We thank thee for the health she uniformly enjoyed through a long and busy life, and for the sudden and painless passage from the land of the dying to the home of the living above. We give thee thanks for the good she was enabled to do among the poor and lowly, entering into the labors of those missionary parents and sister who preceded her; for the true and devoted friends which her life and character created; for the happy years of wedded life in yonder cottage, and for the peaceful days in this dwelling where she closed her earthly years, and whence we take her remains to their final resting place. Bless all who have been helpful to her in her toils for Christ, sympathetic in the loneliness of her widowhood and ministrant to her last necessities during these days of her unconscious decay. Be with us in our service in that sanctuary where the closing hours of her life were spent, and may it be a door to that Heavenly House where now her song rises clear and sweet, with a voice that never wearies, in a worship that never ends.

When we go to the Garden that has a sepulchre, and leave her dust under the sod which has been so often cut before to make room for the worn out frame, may we like Mary find joy even there, when we see THE LORD, to whose adorable name be praise forever. AMEN.

SERVICES AT CHESTER AVENUE CHAPEL.

The cheerful June sunshine and the perfume of June flowers that filled the room, with the hopeful utterances of song and speech and prayer, divested the hour and place of all funereal gloom. No dirge, no mourning attire or any other gloomy adjuncts were there. Tears fell from many eyes, but faith and hope were voiced in every word.

"Anywhere with Jesus," by Towner, was tenderly sung by Messrs. Morton and Jeffers, Mrs. Cassell and Miss Matthew.

Deacons Merrill, Stickney, Woodbury and Jeffers of the

First Church were present and a large number of the Chapel congregation. Scripture was read by Pastor Spencer, beginning with selections in Job as to the frailty of life and assurance of immortality through the Redeemer who liveth and shall appear upon the earth ; closing with 1 Thessalonians iv, concerning those who sleep in Jesus.

"We would see Jesus," was sung to Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte IX*, known as "Raynolds."

Rev. S. P. FAY remarked that there was a special fitness in his participation in these services, as he had in those of the burial of the elder sister and their mother :

I first knew Mrs. Worth in 1863, a member with her parents of Salem Church, Boston, of which I was then pastor. Her father, Deacon Thwing, was a notable man, worthy to be associated with such men as Deacon Grant, Deacon Safford, and similar spirits. His wife I knew, a beautiful and noble mother, as you might judge from her children. Many a time, too, have I gone with Mrs. Plummer in her labors of love, among the poor at the North End. As it was my privilege to speak at her funeral, so now I am glad to look into the face of this sister I had learned to love, and testify to her true, consistent Christian life as I have known it for quarter of a century. She, like her parents, devoted herself to the welfare of others. Rarely have I seen such a family, whose life has thus been running out in a ministry of love to others. As I said at Mrs. Thwing's funeral in 1865, the mother delighted to wash the disciples' feet. If her husband was able to endure cheerfully his sacrifices as a missionary, if this only son has been an honor to the ministry, and these two sisters of charity serviceable to the church, it was largely because of her sweet, prayerful, hopeful life. These children have inherited her spirit.

With Mrs. Worth's last days you are more familiar than I am. Her brother will speak of how well she died. I can tell how well she lived. Her beautiful life is well finished, and she has received the welcome, "Good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!" I think of her as having closed her labors and entered into REST. She has met her father, her mother, her husband and her sister. They talk over the past and joy in the victory! Is this a time for tears? No, I rejoice in her gladness, I think of her crown, of the peace and the joy which come with the Christian life. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Her works will follow her ; her conscious and unconscious influence for good, even to the end of time.

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Fay, Mr. GEORGE H. SPENCER,

a local Methodist preacher and student of Boston University, in charge of the chapel work for 1888, remarked :

I am very glad of the opportunity to testify concerning the later life of her who has exchanged an earthly home for a heavenly. That her burial should be from this place is most appropriate, for the work of this chapel was very dear to her. There are but a few now laboring in this field who were here when she began her work. Before the church assumed the charge of this chapel, Mr. and Mrs. Worth were earnest and efficient laborers under the direction of the Y.M.C.A., of which organization Mr. Worth was an active member.

After the death of her husband, her interest seemed to deepen and enlarge. For many years she had a class in the Sunday School, retaining it until the death of her sister and her own infirmities compelled her to relinquish it.

During these years Mrs. Worth was not only a successful teacher in the Sabbath School, but was active in all work related to the chapel. Prayer meetings of great interest were frequently held in her home, at which some who are now earnest and faithful Christians took their first steps in the religious life. Her face was always seen and her voice was often heard at the prayer meetings held in this place, and in the houses of the neighborhood.

But, perhaps, her distinctive work was in visiting the sick and the poor. It is needless for me to speak of this. You who have gathered here to-day with saddened hearts and moistened eyes to mourn the loss of a dear friend—you do not need to be told of your loss or reminded of her acts of kindness. Your memories, far better than words of mine, recall these things. I would rather, then, speak as your mouthpiece—speak words of cheer and sympathy to her loved ones who live far away. She was a true Christian friend and neighbor. She has made hundreds of calls in the Master's name upon those to whom her sympathy was exceedingly precious. Scarcely a day passed, when her health would permit, that she did not brighten some sick room by her presence, and cheer some suffering soul by words of steadfast faith. As I have called on such, I would hear the remark, "Mrs. Worth has been here; she said"—and then would follow some helpful remark she had left in the memory of the sufferer. She had implicit trust in God's promises and gave them to others as something which she herself had tested. Her life was hid with God in Christ. She was a true missionary, for she went about doing good. Wherever there was a sufferer, there she felt was her opportunity and faithfully she improved it.

Her's was a life of service, and it was fitting that its closing days should be crowded full of work for her Master. Her last public testi-

mony for Christ was given in this room, on Thursday week, at the evening prayer meeting. She spoke very briefly, as was her custom, and told of her trust in God, and the help she had received from him from youth to age, and in every time of trial. The next evening she was at the prayer meeting at the First Church. Before noon (Saturday) she had called upon three who were ill. On Sunday morning she attended church and remained to the Bible Class. She then called on friends who were in feeble health. In the evening she was in her usual place among us, and during the following night she was stricken with death. Only words of peace and trust should be spoken over her grave. SHE HAS GONE HOME.

Professor E. P. THWING, M.D., read by request a hymn entitled "Meet again when life is o'er." He then said :

The body of a saint at his burial has been termed the Temple of God in which the service is ended, from which the priest has departed, having sung his *Nunc Dimittis* and received God's answer to his final prayer, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace." I wish I knew the name of the author of those words that met my eye to-day in a Boston paper :

"Only a step into the open air,
Out of a life already luminous,
With light that shines through its transparent walls !
O pure in heart ! From thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies upon whose petals will be written
IMMORTALITY in characters of gold !"

Three years ago, at my sister's funeral, I disregarded the iron rule of precedent, the frigid formality of silence, and spoke my feelings. The verbal and written endorsement of that innovation encourages me again to speak and thank all of you who have been kind to the dead. I am now the last of a family, without parent, brother, sister, aunt or uncle. But the hour is a happy one, because she is happy with those she loved, with Jesus she served, and rid of the flesh that had begun to be a burden.

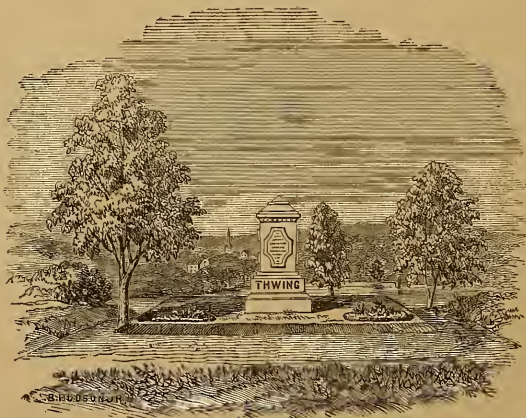
There are traditional notions about life and death that need to be abandoned. To say that we have souls is a solecism, an inversion of the truth. We *are* souls. We, immortal spirits, *have* bodies. The soul, that which loves, hopes, purposes, accomplishes, is supreme. The flesh is an adjunct ; honorable, but subordinate, transitory and a comparatively inconsequential appendage. From the moment of birth onward we each "die daily." The final dissolution is a simple close to physiological processes. It is natural, as is sleep after toil. To you, young people, let me say it is a solemn thing to LIVE, rather than to die. We are dying all the time. We must die to live. Is there a spiritual renewal, day by day, as well as a material regeneration

tion? If so, death is no more to be dreaded than sleep. "The sun knoweth his going down" and makes no lament about it. Why? Because *sunset is sunrise!* To set to our eyes is to rise to other eyes.

Distinguishing between arbitrary terms and essential facts we can understand how St. Paul gloried in DEATH as one of the "all things" that are ours. Not with gloom but with gladness we lift our *Morituri Salutamus*. It is a "sweetly" solemn thought. A melody may be enrapturing, though full of minor chords. I may at once be glad and sad, sorrowful yet always rejoicing. SHE is not dead but risen. Her sun shall no more go down. She left no dying testimony. It was needless. Like father, mother and sister, she went home silently, a tired reaper with her arms full of sheaves! In a little while we'll meet thee and greet thee with the crowned ones upon the crystal sea. Goodby, darling! Leave the door open, for we're close behind!

The quartette then sung Lyte's beautiful lyric, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," to music by Monk.

The interment, which was private, took place before sunset in the family lot, No. 3307, Arethusa Path, Mt. Auburn. With a brief committal service, dust was returned to dust, earth to earth, in joyful hope of resurrection through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory, in a world without end.



Rev. A. H. PLUMB, D.D., a former pastor, writes : " Mrs. Worth has maintained the honor of her family for love and good works, and has entered into rest to receive an abundant reward."

Rev. CHARLES F. THWING, D.D., writes : " Jacob Abbott said to me once that life seemed to him like the ruin of families. You are left alone. Pray accept, my dear kinsman, of my hearty sympathy in this hour. I rejoice that your sister's labor to the very end of life was as constant as her zeal in all missionary interests."

Rev. Dr. C. M. COBERN, of Detroit, says : " I was closely associated with your sister in her mission work for many months. I grew to respect and love her more and more. Of her I believe it can be said—as of very few it can be said in strict truth : ' She hath done what she could.'"

Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER and wife jointly write : " '*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*' Their work on earth is finished, their discipline accomplished and they are received by him into their glorious home. Precious also to loved ones who have gone before is the re-union with those who come after them. Very precious is it for those who have battled with life's trials for many years to lay aside this earthly suffering tabernacle and be arrayed in that heavenly perfect one, which is prepared for each saint of the Lord. Such thoughts naturally arise when we hear of a departed saint. Mrs. Worth has left her earthly home for her heavenly one, where so many were waiting to receive her. She was much beloved by friends and relatives, for everywhere her lovely, unselfish, Christian character won for her many hearts. . . . But more cords drew her heavenward than were confining her to earth, and she has taken her flight to those realms of glory where many loved ones were ready to receive and welcome her."

Mr. ALONZO C. TENNEY writes : " She was, in my boyhood, already a woman and the esteemed companion of my aunt. The impression of her character first made

remained consistent with me for more than forty years following. The elements of that character were not especially salient and aggressive. While not reserved, but on the contrary especially and cheerfully frank, she nevertheless always seemed clothed with a happy modesty, willing to prefer others, and in that state wherein she was called, therein to abide with God. She naturally accepted the leadership of her sister so long as she lived.

She was of a family which has exhibited a remarkable solidarity in Christian, philanthropic work. She did her full share in this work, while at the same time fully satisfying the claims of filial and sisterly duty. As *Ancilla Domini* she accepted in simplicity the married condition, making her husband feel it a benediction.

Simple tastes, single aims, perseverant piety, ruled her to the last. There seems nothing more to say than that the Master must have noted that, "inasmuch" as she had washed the disciples' feet and always "done what she could," she had done it for him. *Her record is on high.* Job xvi. 19.



MRS. H. N. PLUMMER.

